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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JANUARY 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Steeple

BY GORDON WHITEHEAD

"YOU'LL never do it," said Willis major.

"Bet you I do," replied Maynard confidently.

The two boys were gazing up at the slender top of the Elcombe Church spire, which raised itself in the sky three hundred feet above their heads.

For generations it had been the ambition of every Elcombe schoolboy to climb to the top of the iron ladder which was fastened to the spire. It was on record that up to now the feat had never been accomplished.

Now Maynard, the best athlete in the school, the captain of the football team, had announced his intention of trying; and as the news filtered round the school, its hearers thrilled with excitement, and little knots of boys debated amongst themselves whether he would succeed or not.

Apart from the risk, there was also the chance of punishment, and it was certain that the Head would visit his wrath pretty severely on any boy who would risk his life in such a foolhardy way.

Maynard quite realized this, and decided that the risk was worth taking. He was well in with the authorities on account of his prowess at games, and he counted on the Head's sporting instinct to let him down lightly if he was found out. And whatever the punishment, he reflected, what a hero he would be! His name would be in the unwritten annals of the school for ever.

"Yes," he said to his chum, Willis major, "I'm going to do it."

"When?" asked Willis doubtfully.

"Let's see," said Maynard, with affected carelessness. "The day after to-morrow's Sunday, isn't it? I'll tie a handkerchief to the top early on Sunday morning."

Willis whistled. "Do you want me to let anybody know?" he asked.

Maynard smiled. "Give a hint to look out for something startling Sunday breakfast time," he said.

About five o'clock on Sunday morning Maynard stole softly out of the dormitory and quietly let himself out of the house. He was attired in a cricket shirt and a pair of grey flannel trousers, and on his feet he wore a pair of gym. shoes. That seemed to

him to be the most useful attire for the task he had set himself.

There was not a soul about, and he made his way to the church; and in a few minutes he was looking up at the steeple. Then without much delay he commenced the ascent.

The first part consisted in getting on to the roof of the church, but thanks to a buttress and the low sloping roof of the Lady Chapel, this was comparatively easy.

From the roof the ladder started, and grasping the iron rungs tightly, Maynard began to climb up.

His condition was excellent, so he went a considerable way before he had to stop for breath.

From the commencement he had told himself that he must not look down. He had been told that to do so was fatal. Nevertheless he was seized with an almost irresistible



desire to do so. Setting his teeth, he conquered it and recommenced his climb. This time he did not go so far, and looking up, the top of the steeple seemed as far off as ever.

So wearily he went up, up, up, and already his arms were beginning to feel the strain.

Below there had been scarcely a breath of wind; now it began to feel quite breezy. Also, as the steeple

narrowed, he saw the country beyond, and it seemed very far away.

At his next halt he wondered if he really could go any farther. Why not give it up as hopeless? Then the thought of what a fool he would look to the rest of the school assailed him and spurred him on to one last effort, which brought him to the top.

He had taken the precaution to attach a clip to his handkerchief; so to fasten it to the iron spike at the top was an easy matter. Then he permitted himself to take one look below.

Immediately he had done so a feeling of sickness and giddiness came over him, and a terrible impulse came to him to let himself go. Sweat broke out all over him, and his lips refused to move. He swayed, let go with one hand, and then with an effort grasped the rung again.

It was a terrible feeling. Would he ever get safely to the ground again? Why had he been such a fool as to attempt such a mad feat? What good would it do any one?

Presently strength came back to him, and bit by bit he managed to descend.

The way seemed interminable, and once or twice the feeling that he must throw himself down almost overcame him; but after what seemed to him hours, he felt the roof beneath his feet, and in a minute or two he was lying on the grass panting and trembling. "Never again!" he murmured. "Never again!"

And high above his head his handkerchief floated gently from the steeple top—the proof that his self-appointed task had been accomplished.

When Elcombe came down to breakfast and saw the white emblem at the top of the spire, a thrill of excitement ran through the whole school.

So Maynard had been as good as his word after all.

The feat became the one topic of the day; but the hero of it was not to be seen.

As a matter of fact he was lying down on his bed, pleading fatigue, but nevertheless suffering from reaction to the nerves. He recovered a little before chapel, and managed to walk to his place quite calmly, knowing full well that every eye was upon him.

But other eyes had seen the result of the feat, and at dinner time the announcement was given out, "The whole school will assemble in the big hall after dinner."

Every one knew what it was about, and excitement ran even higher than before. Maynard heard the message with outward calm, but inwardly his heart began to thump ominously.

Fletcher, the Head, had got the reputation of being a sportsman; why, nobody knew, for he was not particularly good at games and rarely played them.

It was felt, however, that with him one always had a sporting chance.

On this it was that Maynard counted.

The school had assembled, and amidst complete silence the masters trooped in and took their places on the dais.

Last of all came Fletcher, a peculiar smile playing about his lips.

Without any waste of time he plunged into the object of the assembly.

"Some time last night, or early this morning," said, "a handkerchief was tied to the top of Elcombe Church steeple. It is suspected to be the work of one of you boys. If it is, will the culprit kindly step forward?"

There was a pause, and absolute silence.

Maynard felt his heart go into his mouth and a rise before his eyes, but he managed to step forward.

"Ah, Maynard," said the Head. "So you performed this very—er—athletic feat?"

"Yes, sir," answered Maynard.

"Why did you do it?"

The question took Maynard by surprise. "I don't know," he murmured.

"Never do things without an object," said the Head. "You placed the handkerchief at the top of the steeple; you will therefore make amends by bringing it down. If you fail to do so the punishment will be expulsion."

A perceptible gasp ran round the school, and Maynard felt stunned as he realized the seriousness of the Head's words. He hardly heard what came after.

"In order to give the rest of the school the benefit of seeing you," went on the Head, "you will make the ascent on Tuesday next at two o'clock, and the whole school will assemble at that hour. You must go."

Maynard dumbly walked back to his seat, and the school was dismissed.

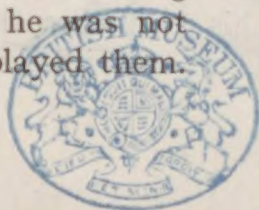
For the rest of the day Maynard sat in his school looking blankly before him. He could not eat, he did not want to talk. From time to time his friends looked him up and offered their sympathy.

"Hard luck having to do it again," remarked the major. "But of course, having done it once, you will find it easy enough."

"Idiot!" thought Maynard.

Nobody but himself could realize what it meant. The dreadful moments he had spent on the ladder, the gripping impulse to jump down. No, he could not do it again. If he tried it would only mean failure and perhaps death.

And yet there was the alternative—expulsion! It was worth risking a bit to avoid that.



Then he thought of his dizziness at the top of the ladder, and he shivered.

Whatever happened he would have to go through with it, and the thought sickened him.

If the day was bad enough, the night was even worse. Hideous nightmares assailed him, and he dreamt that he was on the top of the ladder, with the Head laughing maliciously below. Then he let go of the rungs, and was falling, falling—but just as he was about to reach the ground he woke up in a cold sweat.

Little wonder that he was glad to see the dawn.

How he got through the day he did not know.

In class he was listless, and paid no attention to the work set. When it was over he went off moodily to his study and sat there all the afternoon, regardless of the fact that he should have been practising for the sports.

In the evening he went to the church, and gazed at the bit of white cambric now floating gaily like a little imp in the quickening breeze.

How near it seemed, and how far it was to get at.

That night the wind got up, and a regular gale blew over the countryside.

Lying awake in bed Maynard heard it, and shuddered. It would be worse than ever up the steeple if the wind kept up.

Should he give in? Go to the Head and announce that he could not make the attempt?

And yet—expulsion! The disgrace, the wrath of his parents, the future, its effect on his whole life.

Then luckily for him, as he thought over all this, he fell into a fitful sleep.

The next morning the school had a surprise.

After breakfast a small boy happened to be walking in the grounds, and glancing up at the steeple noticed that the handkerchief was no longer there.

Quickly the news ran round the school, and shortly every one was discussing it.

What had happened? Had Maynard taken the law into his own hands and made an early ascent to retrieve it? or had another bold spirit in the school emulated Maynard's feat?

Maynard was sitting listlessly in his study when the news was brought to him. He was wondering whether he should go to the Head and confess his sheer inability to climb the steeple again. He started up at the news.

"Great Scot!" he said. "Do you really mean to say it has gone?"

"Yes," said Willis, the newsbringer. "I went and looked for myself to make sure. Did you bring it down?"

"Did I blazes!" said Maynard.

His heart was leaping gaily within him as he realized what it meant.

There was a tap at the door, and the porter's voice was heard. "The Head wishes to see you at once, Mr. Maynard."

When Maynard entered the study the Head surveyed him closely. He noted with satisfaction the boy's pale cheeks and tired eyes.

"Ah, Maynard," he said, "this is the day of your ascent of the steeple, and now I find that the handkerchief has gone. Did you take it?"

"No, sir."

"H'm. Then the gale must have blown it away. Well, as you cannot fulfil your task you should suffer the alternative—expulsion."

Maynard trembled. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came.

"But," went on the Head, "as your appearance seems to indicate that you have been punished enough, I have decided to let you off with being 'gated' for a month."

"Gated" for a month—that was nothing. About the mildest punishment he could get.

Maynard stammered a few words of thanks and hurried out, hardly realizing his good fortune.

That evening the Head handed out five shillings to a small, middle-aged man, who had called by appointment.

"You didn't find it a stiff job then, Harper?" he asked.

"Not a bit, sir," was the reply; "but we steeplejacks are used to such things. The young gentleman must have found it rough though."

"I'm sure he did," said the Head. "And I know that he'll never attempt it again—nor will any one else."

"Yes," said the steeplejack; "let them leave those sort of things to folks who are used to them. By the way, sir, the handkerchief—I've got it here."

"Better keep it," was the reply. "It's supposed to have blown away, and its owner has gladly seen the last of it."

Motto for January

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

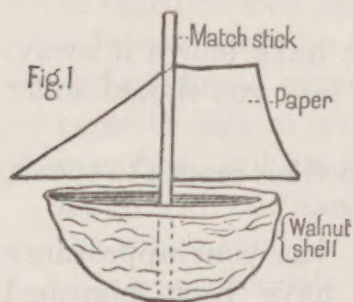
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Toys made from Scraps

PART IV.—NUTS

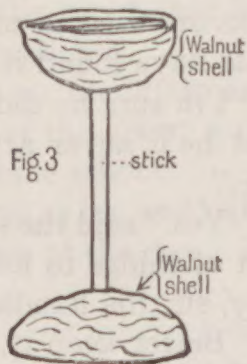
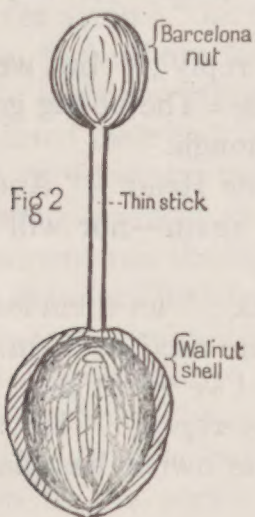
BY WINIFRED HAMMOND

AMONGST those of you who read this magazine, there may probably be some who are not allowed to eat nuts. But there is nothing to prevent you *playing* with them, is there? so take your share, and try to make some of the toys I am going to tell you about.



Walnuts especially are useful for making boats, spoons, cocoanut shies, and lots of other things. For the *boat* (Fig. 1), the shell must be thoroughly cleaned out, then at one end press a tiny bit of soap, which, as it dissolves, will make the tiny boat cruise about. Quite a lot of fun can be got out of a basin of water and a fleet of these little moving walnut shells. Some could be fitted with sails, made from white paper stuck to a piece of match, fixed to the bottom of the boat with a drop of sealing wax.

To make a *spoon* (Fig. 2), you will need, not only a walnut, but also half a Barcelona nut, and a piece of thin stick three inches long. Carefully make a hole

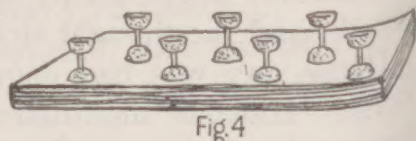


at the blunt end of the walnut shell, for the "handle" of the spoon, and push the other end of the stick into the Barcelona nut.

Walnut cocoanut shies (Fig. 3) can be made by taking several half shells, and boring a hole in each. A match is put through a pair of these shells, of which one forms a stand, and the other a cup, into which monkey or Barcelona nuts are thrown. If it is found that they topple over, glue the stands to a piece of board to keep them upright (Fig. 4).

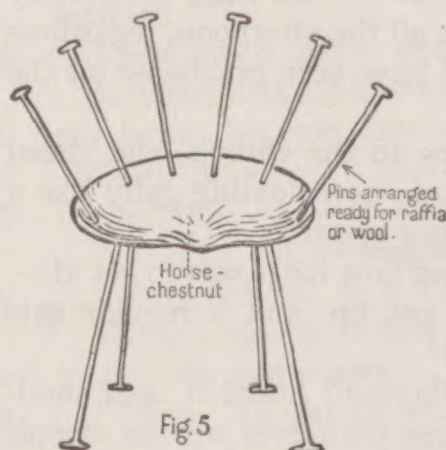
Chestnuts make good *chairs* for a small doll's house, if those which have the upper side flat are chosen

(Fig. 5). Stick long pins round the edge, leaving one side open, and weave thin raffia or wool in and out between the pins. The legs are made by sticking four strong pins into the lower part of the chestnut.



A little *pipe* for blowing bubbles can be made from an *acorn cup*, with a hollow straw for the pipe stem (Fig. 6). The *acorn* itself, if cut in half, and the nut taken out, will form an even daintier *boat* than the walnut.

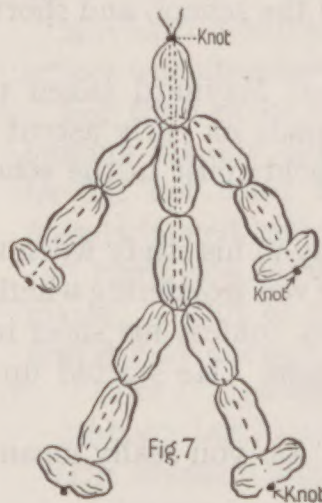
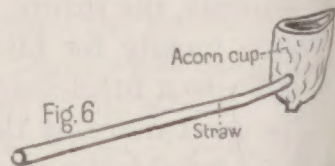
Peanuts are easy to get hold of and make the loveliest little *Chinamen*, but they must be chosen carefully,



otherwise the legs and arms will not be of equal length and size; and choose a smooth one for the face, and tiny ones for the hands.

Now take a strong needle and thread with a good knot at the end, and, starting at the bottom of one foot, thread through the nuts forming one leg, up the body, and through the head, leaving a length of the cotton sticking out. Do exactly the same with the second leg, and the two arms, except that the latter are attached to the body (Fig. 7).

Then take four little strips of paper (preferably "crinkled") to cover the legs and arms; and a patterned piece for the overgown, making side slits for the arms to go through, then gather round the



The dotted lines show the cotton threaded through the nuts



Paper sleeve and leg of trousers are sewn on separately

neck (Figs. 8 and 9). Take a tiny bunch of black wool, twice the length of the doll; tie it in the middle

and arrange it so as to cover the head on which some still warm black sealing wax has been dropped. Plait the strands for a pigtail, and draw a little face with pen and ink.

There are lots of other toys you can make with



nuts if once you begin to think about it. Try these that I have told you about, and then see what others you are clever enough to make "out of your own heads."

Next month I hope to tell you what you can make from corks, so collect all you can of different sizes, so as to be ready in good time.

✦ ✦ ✦

ONE day an old country farmer went into a picture Palace, and was at the booking office asking questions.

Farmer (to the lady in the office). "Have yer any seats left inside?"

Lady. "Yes, we have a few stalls left."

Farmer. "'Ere, young lady, if I do come from t' country, am not a 'orse."

✦ ✦ ✦

Traveller (to old man about ninety-four). "Is this the Exhibition?"

Old Man. "Speak louder; I'm deaf."

Traveller. "Is this Wembley?"

Old Man. "No, this is Tuesday."

✦ ✦ ✦

BILLY was sitting on the bank fishing, but, to his great annoyance, he had caught nothing, and was getting rather tired of it. At last he got so cross that he took hold of the worm he was using for bait and said to him,—

"Now, look here, worm, I'll give you one more chance, and if you don't catch anything, I shall take you back and bury you alive."

✦ ✦ ✦

THE grammar lesson proceeded smoothly enough until the teacher asked a small boy what kind of a noun "trousers" was.

"It's an uncommon noun," was the reply, "because it's singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

Plays from History

PLAY VI.—THE DEATH OF RUFUS

SUMMARY

[During William the First's reign a book was compiled which showed exactly the property of every landowner in England, together with the number of serfs or labourers each person employed. In it was entered the number of acres of farm lands, tillage, pasturage, and forest, with the streams watering the estate, the number of ploughs used, the stock on the land, and many other details, so minute was the examination through which each thane or freeman passed. Thus, with the Normans as masters, the Saxons practically became slaves, and the Domesday Book was the seal of their bondage.]

The death of William occurred after he had reigned twenty-one years (1066–1087), during which time he had to meet and put down with no gentle hand the armed opposition of many Saxon thanes.

His son, called William Rufus, on account of his red face, came to the throne, but with the parental hatred of opposition he had not inherited his father's powers of government. Where the father had been firm when wisdom taught firmness, the son was wilful when obstinacy taught wilfulness.

His reign (1087–1100) was one long tale of cruelty and oppression; and when he met his death whilst partaking in his favourite pastime—hunting—no sorrow was shown at his passing.

The New Forest in Hampshire was preserved during his father's reign, and villages, hamlets, and cottages were ruthlessly pulled down and the inhabitants rendered homeless, so that the king might hunt over a portion of land specially reserved for his sport. Strange that death should overtake Rufus where his father had caused the death of so many others.]

CHARACTERS:

WILLIAM RUFUS, the king; SIR WALTER TYRELL, the king's favourite; A MONK from the Abbey at Gloucester; an ATTENDANT of the Bedchamber; PURKESS, a charcoal-burner; barons, knights, men-at-arms, etc.

SCENE I.—THE ROYAL BEDCHAMBER AT MALWOOD KEEP, NEAR THE NEW FOREST, HAMPSHIRE.
TIME, 1100 A.D.

[The room is furnished with a low couch and chairs of a Norman pattern. The doors are concealed by tapestry, and a fire is burning on the hearth. WILLIAM is lying on the couch asleep. Suddenly he wakes, jumps to his feet, and then sinks back upon the bed.]

William. [Calling loudly] Ho, there! lights! lights quickly!

Attendant. [Entering at once with lighted torch] My lord ! my lord !

William. [Waving his arm impatiently] Put down the light and listen. [*Attendant places torch in a socket fastened to the wall*] Fetch Sir Walter Tyrell to me, for I would talk with him. Now go, and go quickly.

Attendant. [Bowing] On the instant, my lord.

[Goes out.]

[*WILLIAM puts his head down between his hands, and sits in a dejected attitude until TYRELL enters carelessly and with some amount of noise. Then the king sits up and faces him.*]

Tyrell. Why this disturbance in the middle of the night, my lord ? Methinks that if we are to hunt on the morrow a good sleep should be necessary.

William. [Moodily] Ay, Walter, but sleep comes not always to command. Strange fancies have been with me this night, and but a few minutes ago their horrors called me from my sleep in terror [*putting his hands before his eyes*]. I will no longer remain alone. Stay with me till dawn, for in the dancing flames I see strange sights.

Tyrell. [Seating himself on one of the chairs and laughing] It is not like you, my lord, to be troubled with fancies after such a merry night as we have passed ; though, indeed, this forest of yours that lies so close should be well peopled with ghosts to make you think.

William. [Starting up and moving hastily towards TYRELL] Silence, Walter ; you make me shiver with your wild talk. My hunting-ground had to be made, and if a few men were slain in the making, what difference does the death of a few miserable peasants make when they stand in the way of a king's sport ?

Tyrell. None, my lord, except to them.

William. [Walking to and fro] But let us talk of the morrow's sport, for only thus shall I shut out the wild fancies which during this night have filled my mind.

Tyrell. To the chase, then, my lord, and to thoughts of the noble stag, which in a few hours we shall be hunting to his death.

[*He pulls two chairs to the fire, and when the king is seated he sits also, and they commence to talk quietly together.*]

SCENE II.—OUTSIDE MALWOOD KEEP BEFORE THE HUNT

[*TYRELL and other nobles are standing in a group with their squires close by tending the horses. The king enters, carrying a bundle of arrows. All stand bare-headed, whilst TYRELL goes forward to meet the king.*]

Tyrell. [Bowing] 'Tis a finer morning than the night gave us reason to expect, my lord.

William. It is to be hoped that our sport will give us more pleasure, Walter.

Tyrell. I hope so too, my lord ; for, truth to tell, it was but a poor beginning to what should be a most happy day.

William. [Walking towards the others] A happy day it shall be ; and, as a reward for your dull hours last night, I would give you these new arrows, which I bought but this morning for the day's amusement [*stopping and handing them to TYRELL, who bows as he receives them*]. Shoot straight with them, I beseech you, Walter, for it must be a noble stag brought to its knees with the king's gift [*moving again towards the group*].—To horse, my friends, for the day draws on, and the sport will not wait.

[*The squires busy themselves with their tasks as the nobles go towards the horses.*]

Monk. [Rushing in and kneeling before the king] My lord king !

[*All stop and turn towards the king.*]

William. [Impatiently] What do you want, fellow ? Stand aside, or I will ride you down, monk or no monk.

Monk. [Quietly] My lord, I am the bearer of a message from St. Peter's Abbey.

William. Hurry, fool, and tell it ; for I am impatient, and wish to be gone.

Monk. [Rising, and speaking slowly, with head bent] One of the holy fathers dreamed last night that you would stand in danger to-day. He saw you lying dead ; and he implores you for the sake of St. Peter of Gloucester that you go not forth.

Tyrell. [Stepping forward] This is strange, my lord.

William. [Laughing uneasily] Peace, Tyrell ! Hunting I will go, whether messengers come or not. On that I am determined [*turning to the monk, and throwing a handful of coins towards him*]. Here, fellow, take this money to the holy fathers, and tell them that William the king wishes them better dreams ; for, whatever they be, I go to my sport.

Tyrell. Lead on, my lord, or the day will be gone.

William. Yes ; enough time has been wasted. Follow on, nobles all !

[*They all pass out, leaving the monk standing alone, looking after them.*]

SCENE III.—A GLADE IN THE NEW FOREST

[*Children are standing irregularly to represent the trees. Enter TYRELL and WILLIAM alone, following the stag. The king suddenly points ahead.*]

William. Shoot, Tyrell, or he will be gone.

Tyrell. 'Tis indeed a noble stag to bring to its knees with the king's gift. [*Fits an arrow to the string and shoots, the arrow hitting the king. He falls to his knees*]

and then rolls over sideways, and after moving once or twice lies still. TYRELL runs to him and lifts his head. The king falls back.] My lord! my lord! What have I done? What shall I do? [Stands up and looks cautiously round.] If I return they will not believe 'twas an accident, and my own life is too sweet to give away for such as Rufus was. France must be my home, and I must fly at once.

[Disappears among the trees.

Enter PURKESS, the charcoal-burner, with his cart. Seeing something on the ground he goes towards it.

Purkess. Hullo! what's this?—rich clothes, rich jewels, and [turning the body with his foot] dead as a dog. [Starts back, and then bends close, only to stand suddenly upright.] Why, it's Rufus the king! Well, he was no good alive; I must see whether I cannot make something of him now he is dead. [Lifts the body and puts it into his cart.] Come along into my cart, and that's a better place than you deserve. I wonder how many owe their death to you over the making of this forest, and now you're dead in it yourself. Well, go on, old horse; we are carrying good tidings to many a home in England to-day, for the Red King will reign no more.

[Passes slowly out.

whiter than any earthly robes, and the perfume that rose from the silver censers was sweeter than anything on earth.

Here and there among the grass-grown mounds the procession stayed, and the censers were swung as if before the shrine of a saint. They were but poor neglected graves by which the white-robed angels stopped, some without even a name to mark them, and some among the nettles, where the grass grew so high and rank that there was scarcely a trace to show a grave was there at all. But even there the silver censers were swung on high, and the incense, sweet as the breath of flowers, floated up to heaven.

Each night the holy man returned to pray in the quiet churchyard, and each night the white-robed figures came and went, and the saint longed to ask them what they did. At last, taking courage, he stopped them and put his question. But even as he spoke he knew that these were no earthly priests, but a company of angels.

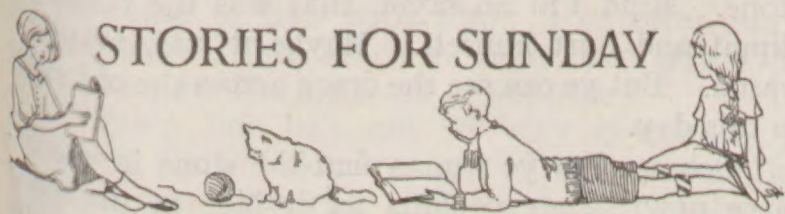
"We are God's messengers," answered one of the white-robed throng, "sent by Him to do honour to His saints whose bodies lie forgotten here. Even their dust is dear to Him, and although the world has forgotten them, He marks their hallowed graves. Each night He sends us to His garden, where His seeds are sown which shall one day, like the flowers, blossom into a more glorious body."

It is a beautiful thought which this old legend teaches us—the thought that even the dust of God's saints is precious in His sight. It comes as a comforting message when we find how quickly the busy world forgets even the names of those saints to whom it owes so much; when the visions which have kept the world in touch with heaven have been forgotten and faith grows dim.

Among the many half-forgotten churchyards there is one in the little clachan of Shiskine among the Arran hills, where perhaps there is many a humble mound over which the angels swing their silver censers; and we know at least one saint by name whose dust lies there. A flat grey stone covers the grave, and on it is cut the name of S. Molios, and his story still lingers in the memory of the old folk in the country round, although to the young ones he is little more than a name.

But when winter comes, and the evenings are dark and long, the children often ask for a story, and are content then to listen to the tale of S. Molios. The old grandmother in her white mutch sits in the arm-chair close to the fire, while the children gather round on their little stools. The sweet scent of peat smoke fills the kitchen and wraps everything in a

STORIES FOR SUNDAY



S. Molios

IN the days of long ago, an old legend tells us, there lived a holy man whose heart was so filled with tender compassion for others that it even grieved him to think that there lay in the churchyard poor forgotten dead people for whom no one cared.

So, when the busy work of the day was done, this holy man made his way to the churchyard, and knelt and prayed there beside the lonely graves. He prayed so earnestly that he never noticed that the sun had set and the twilight was creeping on, and he never saw the silver moon as it rose over the hill. Hour after hour passed, and all the village lights were out, but still the saint knelt on in the churchyard. And then it was that the angels came.

They came in solemn procession, robed in white, with silver censers in their hands, but there was no great glory or heavenly light around them, and the saint thought they were a company of priests passing through the churchyard. Only their garments were

blue haze, so that the oil-lamp which hangs from the rafters above scarcely lifts the shadows from the dark corners where cupboard-beds can dimly be seen.

"Och ay," says the grandmother, a smile on her sweet old face as her mind goes back to the past, "he was a good man was hè they ca' Saint Molaise. Folk say he lived a terrible strict life over yonder in the Holy Isle, close to Lamlash. His house was a wee bit cave, high up among the rocks, and a' he had for a bed was a shelf cut oot o' the side o' the rock, scarcely wide eneuch to turn in. He had a bath too, doon by the sea, for he was aye fond o' the water, and summer and winter he would go in to wash."

Here for a moment her eye rested upon a little grimy upturned face, which blushed and hid itself against her petticoat.

"He knew it was a good thing to keep the body clean as well as the soul. All alone he lived with no a body to help him, and all the time he had for idleness he was praying and praising God. 'Twas him that brocht the Gospel to the Arran folk, and aften he would cross the hills and come awa' doon to the clachan here, and teach and preach the Word o' God.

"If ony o' the folk were in trouble and needed a friend, it was to Molaise they turned, and he was aye ready to help, not only with the words o' comfort, but with kind acts as well. The poor loved his very name, and the bairns would rin by his side haudin' on to his hand: they likit fine to look up and see the smile on his face. Awa' doon by his cave the sea-birds would come fleein' roond as if they too had come to listen to the good words o' the saint, and the wild deer in the bracken would just gie him a friendly look and go on chumping away at the grass as he passed. They werena feart for him, for a' beasts ken well eneuch that when a man loves God he loves God's cratur's too.

"There were few graveyards in Arran in those days, and they carried most o' the dead to the wee kirk-yard here; and so, when the good man died, they brocht his body across the island and laid him there at the foot o' the hills, where the burn is aye singing; where the grey stones stand so straight and solemn, pointing up the glen.

"They made a picter of Saint Molaise cut oot o' the stone, and put it there to show where he was laid. And there it lay, winter and summer, for hundreds and hundreds o' years, so they say. And when I was a bairn we had no gran' picter books like what ye have now. The only picter we had was the old stone of Molaise, and we a' loved it and thocht it awfu' bonnie. And when we had a holiday frae the

schule it was always there we went, to the wee kirk-yard to see the picter on Molaise's stone.

"Whenever a baby was born in the clachan, its mother would go and pit a silver saxpence on the old stone, a kind o' thanksgiving they ca'ed it. But the saxpence never bade there for long, and we bairns aye thocht it was ta'en awa' by Sandy the herd. He was a puir body was Sandy, no quite like ither folk, and he was aye sae joyful when he heard o' a birth in the clachan. There's a queer kind o' crack across the old stone just above where the saint's knees would come, and my mither would sometimes be telling us the tale of how that happened. It was one day, she said, when they would be bringing an old man from the north end o' the island to be buried at Shiskine. There were no roads then where they could drive a cart, so they had to carry the chest on long spakes; and one o' the young men when he got to the kirkyard would be very tired and kind o' impatient, for it had been a heavy job. So he flung down the spake while he would be swearing, and it fell across the saint's stone and crackit it clean across by the knees. An' that very night, when the young man was finding his way home above the cliffs o' Drumadoon, he slippit and fell, and they found him next morning with baith his legs broken clean across, in the very same place where he had cracked Molaise's stone. Mind I'm no sayin' that was the reason he slippit and hurt himself. Maybe it was, maybe it wasna. But ye can see the crack across the old stone to this day.

"Och ay, but ye wunna find the stone in the old place now. They couldna let it bide in the place where it had always been, but they must take it up to be an ornament for the gran' new kirk, and poor Molaise's picter stands there now, and the grave has only a plain grey stone to mark it.

"Never a hand in the clachan could be bribed to lift that stone, and so they brocht men from the ither side o' the island and took it away in the mirk when no a body saw. Ay, but they say that after moving the saint's picter, one o' the men driving home in the cart met with a terrible accident, for the wheel came off the cart, and the man was coupit oot and was very near killed."

So runs the old woman's story, and if you wander up the glen by the side of the surging burn, past the little ruined church to the old churchyard, you will find among the long dank grass the tomb of S. Molios. The purple heather grows close to the churchyard gate; the silent hills, like great watchers, keep guard over God's little garden there; and it seems a fitting place for the saint of Arran to take his rest "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER I

THE MARSTON FAMILY

"HULLO, young man! I thought I knew every one in Little Thorley, but I don't remember ever seeing you before, although you seem to be very much at home here!"

A small boy was walking along the edge of the drinking trough in the Home Farm belonging to Thorley Hall, waiting for the cows to come in to be milked. At this point he lost his balance, and almost fell into the water, but saved himself by jumping to the ground. Then he turned round, and surveyed the speaker from head to foot before speaking. Apparently he was satisfied by what he saw—a young man in a tweed suit, who looked quite prepared to be friendly—and he said, with a very attractive smile,—

"I'm Donald Marston. But I thought I knew everybody, and I don't know you!"

The young man laughed.

"I'm Graham Carlton," he explained. "Old Mr. Graham at Thorley Hall is my uncle, and I've come to live with him. I've often stayed here before, but not for some time now. You are the new Rector's son, I suppose?"

"Yes; but he's not so very new now, you know. Quite old, really! We've been here nearly nine months. We came last July, and that seems like ages and ages ago."

"Then that's why we haven't met before, because it's just over a year since I was here last. But now I shall always be here. I'm going to manage the estate for my uncle."

"Manage the estate!" repeated Donald, doubtfully. "Does that mean look after this farm?"

"Yes. That, and other things."

Donald looked rather anxious.

"You won't mind us, will you?" he asked.

"You see, we're always here at the farm. Watson lets us come as much as we like. And that means more or less always, except at lesson times, or when we're in rows."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Carlton. "I expect you and I are going to be friends. But whom do you mean by 'we'? Are there some more of you?"

"There's my brother, Brian. And there are two little girls, but they don't count much. They're just babies."

"And is Brian older or younger than you?"

"Older. He's just eleven, and I'm nine and

a half. He would be here now, only he's in bed."

"In bed! Why? Is he ill?"

"Oh no! But it happens rather often that one of us gets sent to bed before tea! Sometimes both. Yesterday it was me, because I squirted the gardener with the hose."

Donald thought his new friend had a very attractive laugh. It sounded so jolly and understanding. By this time they were sitting on the wall at one end of the farm yard, and Donald was playing with Mr. Carlton's dog.

"Am I allowed to ask what Brian had been doing to-day," said Mr. Carlton, "or wouldn't that be fair?"

"Oh, he wouldn't mind you knowing. He'd been to Thorley by himself, and we're not allowed to go alone. And Daddy met him coming back, so, of course, it was rather awkward."

"It must have been," Mr. Carlton agreed. "Do you go to school?"

"No. We do lessons at home, sometimes with Daddy and sometimes with Mummy. Daddy says we ought to go, but he can't afford it. I expect Brian will go anyhow next year, though. Do you know Miss Smithson?"

"At the little school in Thorley? Yes; at least I've heard of her."

"Well, when we first came here (at least, after the summer holidays) we went to her school. It was a silly place!"

"Why?"

"Well, you see, there were girls as well as boys, for one thing—mostly girls. Lots of them were just babies. And only one boy was older than Brian, and a few of the girls. And Miss Smithson was always either putting us in the corner, or hitting us on the knuckles with a ruler, or something of that sort. It was beastly there."

"But do you mean that it was you two she punished, or everybody?"

"Mostly me and Brian. She said we made the rest naughty. But we didn't really do anything very bad. One day a little girl cried just because we put a mouse in her desk. It was the sweetest little thing that we'd caught in the barn here, and how could we tell she wouldn't like it?"

"It was very unreasonable of her, of course," said Mr. Carlton, quite seriously.

Donald looked at him suspiciously to see if he was laughing. Then he went on with his story.

"And Brian and the other big boy fought, and Brian won. So then the other boy went and told Miss Smithson that Brian had put a caterpillar down his neck."

"But did she believe him?"

"Oh yes, because it was true. And he showed her the caterpillar. But there wasn't any harm

in that, if he hadn't sneaked. It was one of those jolly little furry caterpillars, and it wasn't hurt a bit, till Miss Smithson trod on it."

Mr. Carlton laughed till he nearly cried. Then he asked,—

"But did you make a habit of taking these wild beasts to school with you?"

"We weren't there long enough for it to be a habit exactly," answered Donald, gravely. "We left. There were two little girls who sat

together in the desk just in front of me, and one day I tied their hair ribbons together, and Brian saw me do it, and did it to his two as well. And then when we all had to stand up, the little idiots squealed, and Miss Smithson asked who did it. So, of course, we had to say we did, because it couldn't have been anybody else when we were sitting just behind."

"I suppose that was one of the times when she used the ruler?" said Mr. Carlton. "I don't wonder she found it necessary."

Donald nodded. "'M," he said. "She did it jolly hard that time, and made us stand up on a form for ever so long as well. And after that, she asked Daddy if we need come any more. So that was why we left. And Daddy gave us an awful scolding about it too, because we'd only been there about three weeks. But next time it will be a real school."

"You certainly seem to have upset Miss Smithson's school a bit!" said Mr. Carlton. "It doesn't sound as if anything less than a real one would be much use to you. What little terrors you must be!"

"Oh, I don't think we are," answered Donald, looking like an extremely innocent cherub. "I say, what's the time? Is it getting late?"

"It's nearly seven o'clock."

"Is it really? Oh, I say, I've got to be in by half-past six. Good-night." And Donald had disappeared before Mr. Carlton had realized that he was going. He himself left the farm more slowly, and went home chuckling over Donald's stories. He looked forward to seeing him again, and to making the acquaintance of Brian, for Little Thorley was rather a sleepy little Cumberland village, and the Marstons seemed likely to be a welcome addition to it. Donald went home full of excitement to pour out his news to Brian and the rest of his family, feeling very proud of being the first person to know the new neighbour.

But the next time they met it was in a very unexpected way.

* * *

The next morning Mrs. Marston went into the nursery on her way downstairs to breakfast, just in time to hear a heated argument going on between Brian and Nurse, for although the boys were really too old for a nursery, they still shared it to a certain extent with their sisters.

"Master Brian, it's no use you arguing. You know you always have to pay a fine when you're late, and it's your own fault because I called you three times, and Master Donald was

up in plenty of time. Put your penny in the box.

"I won't. I've got a waif-and-stray of my own, and if I pay a fine at all, I'll give it to him. I believe you keep all our fines yourself."

"Master Brian—" Nurse was beginning again, when Mrs. Marston came in.

"Brian!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't speak like that. Apologize to Nurse at once, and put your fine in the money-box."

Brian turned very red, and for a minute or two



pretended to be struggling with his collar. Then he muttered, looking rather ashamed of himself,—

"I'm sorry, Nanny."

He produced a penny and put it into the money-box, and Mrs. Marston took no more notice of him, but turned to the other children. Besides Donald, there were two little girls, Ursula and Anne, aged six and three. The family was equally divided in the matter of looks. Donald and Ursula were very much alike, and like their mother, with curly fair hair and blue eyes, while Brian and the Baby Anne had inherited their dark hair and grey eyes from their father. Brian, having at last finished dressing, joined the others at breakfast, and their mother began to talk to Nurse.

"I'm going to be out nearly all day, Nanny," she said, "so I shan't have time for the children's lessons. But the Rector will give the boys something to do this morning, and, Ursie, you can have a holiday."

"Very well, ma'am," said Nurse, picking up Anne's spoon, which had just been placed, full of porridge, on the tablecloth. Anne had only just learnt to feed herself, and her manners were not quite those of ordinary society.

"Anne!" exclaimed her mother. "I hope you won't behave like that this afternoon. You haven't forgotten that you're taking them to tea at Mrs. Taylor's to-day, have you, Nanny?"

"Oh no, ma'am. But what about the boys? Shall you be back by tea-time?"

"No, I'm afraid not. They must have it by themselves for once. You will be good, won't you?"

Brian, who was still feeling rather sulky, only nodded, but Donald said,—

"Oh, rather! We'll be awfully good. It's fun having tea alone."

"She had enough of you last time, I should think," suggested his mother; and Donald exclaimed,—

"Oh, well, Mummy, I didn't know the horrid little stool had a loose leg, so it wasn't my fault that the whole thing collapsed."

"Mummy, you do seem to have a poor opinion of your family," added Donald, and Ursula and Anne both promised to behave like perfect ladies.

Mrs. Marston left the nursery party, and went down to her husband.

Later on, when Nurse was clearing away the breakfast things and the children were alone, Donald suddenly said to his brother,—

"Brian, what did you mean this morning when you said you had a waif-and-stray of your own?"

"So I have," replied Brian; "but it is a secret, and you're too little to understand."

"I'm not!" retorted Donald, indignantly. "You might tell me."

"No, you're such a little duffer. You'd be certain to let it out."

"'Course, I wouldn't! You are a mean beast not to tell me. I told you about my Mr. Carlton."

"That just proves it. You couldn't keep a secret if you wanted to."

The boys were just preparing for a good quarrel, when Nurse came back and sent them down to their father for lessons, and the discussion had to be put off; but later in the day Donald returned to it again, and finally Brian gave in, because he was really longing to tell some one.

"It happened when I went to Thorley yesterday," he said. "I met a boy who was crying—a poor boy, as big as me; so I asked him what was the matter, and he said he was awfully hungry, and couldn't get anything to eat. So I took him to Joe, the blacksmith, and he gave him some bread and some tea; and Jim (that's the boy) asked if he could let him work there."

"What for?" asked Donald.

"To earn some money, of course, stupid! Don't interrupt. Jim said he'd run away from his father, 'cos he was always beating him, and he'd come from Carlisle; and Joe said he could stop for a bit if he liked and see if he could learn the work, 'cos his boy left, you know."

"Did you tell Daddy and Mummy about him?"

"No. I meant to tell them, only Daddy was so angry about me going to Thorley. But I promised to go back and see Jim again."

"Oh, do let's go this afternoon," said Donald, eagerly.

"We can't," said Brian. "There'd be an awful row after yesterday—anyway for me. But we'll get Nanny to take us to Thorley to-morrow, and then we can go and see Joe."

"But p'raps Jim will be starved by then! I'm sure you ought to go and look after him at once. Don't you remember about that man in the Bible, who put somebody on his horse and gave him twopence? I'm sure Daddy would say it was quite right to do like him. I'll lend you my twopence, if you like."

Brian knew well enough that there would be trouble if he went to Thorley, but he was very keen to go and see Jim again, so he let himself be persuaded.

"Yes, I think you're right, Don," he said. "I do really think we ought to go and look after Jim, and we can't ask leave, 'cos there's nobody to ask. We'll get cook to give us tea early, and we'll go directly afterwards."

"We can take Jim some cake," suggested Donald, "and p'raps that would do instead of the twopence, because I rather want that."

(To be continued.)



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



MAN, speaking at a meeting : " If all the good people were white, and all the bad people were black, what colour would you be ? "

Some answered white, and some answered black. But little Mary, who was in the front, shouted : " Please, sir, I think I would be streaky. "

Sent in by DOROTHY THOMAS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

+ + +

Teacher. " Now, children, can any one tell me what a mummy is ? "

Small Girl. " Please, Miss, Father's wife. "

Sent in by LILY MULLINER,
Fullersmoor, Broxton, Chester.

+ + +

A CROWDED excursion train drew up at a busy platform. A young dandy, walking on the platform, thought he would provide some amusement for those around him. As the guard blew his whistle for the train to depart the young fellow walked up to a carriage full of working men and said to one of them, " Is this Noah's Ark full ? "

" It is, " was the prompt reply, " all but the ass. Come in ! "

Sent in by EILEEN DOVE,
35 Harold Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

+ + +

A LITTLE girl wrote in her diary : " Got up at seven ; went to bed at eight. " Mother suggested that it would sound a little better to say, " Rose at seven. " The little girl therefore scratched out the entry and wrote : " Rose at seven ; set at eight. "

Sent in by ENID DAVIES,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

+ + +

TOMMY came home from a party very excited.

" Mum, can you tell me the difference between a man, a dyer, and a glue-pot ? "

" Give it up, " said Tom's mother, after a little thought.

" Well, " said Tommy, " a man lives to die, and a dyer dyes to live. "

" But what about the glue-pot ? "

" Ah, that's where you stick. "

Sent in by HILDA KUTTNER,
67 Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, N.W.6.

+ + +

Friendly Policeman. " Lost your way, little 'un ? "

Little Boy (weeping). " N-n-no—but I've found a street I don't know. "

Sent in by ISABELLA HOGG BROWN,
Kilbryde, Dunblane.

THE nervous passenger approached the captain timidly.

" What would happen, sir, " she asked, " if we struck a large iceberg ? "

" The iceberg would pass along as if nothing had happened, " replied the captain.

And the old lady was very much *relieved*.

Sent in by DOROTHY PINYON,
37 Martins Road, Shortlands, Kent.

+ + +

It was Stanley's first day at school, and presently the teacher said to him : " Well, Stanley, and do you know your alphabet ? "

" Y-yes, I think so, " replied Stanley nervously.

" Well, what comes after A ? " said the teacher.

" I know ! " cried the little boy quickly. " All the others ! "

Sent in by MARGARET SKINNER,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

+ + +

AN Irishman was describing his narrow escape from a cross bull.

" I seized him by the tail, " he said, " and there I was ! I was afraid to hold on, and I dared not let go. "

" You were between the horns of a dilemma, " ventured a lady.

" No, ma'am, I wasn't between the horns at all ; and, besides, he wasn't a dilemma—he was a Jersey. "

Sent in by ROSEMARY HELEN EASTON,
" Hopeleigh, " Fairhope Avenue, Pendleton, Manchester.

+ + +

MR. SMITH the school teacher told his class to write a composition describing a football match that was played the other day.

All the boys got it finished when the time was up, except one little boy who didn't know what to write. After thinking a little while he wrote across his page :

" Match put off ; too wet. "

Sent in by RETA M'MASTER,
Charlotte Street, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim.

+ + +

Teacher (to boy). " Spell chimney. "

Boy. " C-h-i-m-b-l-e-y. "

Teacher. " Wrong. Next boy. "

Next Boy. " C-h-i-m-n-e-y. "

Teacher. " Right ; go up one. "

Boy. " Please, I mustn't in case I dirty my clothes. "

Sent in by NORAH LANDER,
Southfields School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

+ + +

Doctor (real Irish). " What's the matter now ? "

Patient. " I've pains in my back, sir. "

Doctor (handing him a bottle). " Take a dose of this a quarter of an hour before you feel the pains coming on. "

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Three Naughty Gnomes

ONCE upon a time there lived a little family of gnomes in Fairyland, and they all worked hard every day.

They made little pipes for the baby fairies to blow bubbles with. They made them most beautifully, too, and the babies loved them.

Ding made the pipes, Dong carved dear little patterns round the bowl of the pipes, and Dell blew bubbles with them, just to see if they worked all right.

"How lovely!" cried the baby fairies, sitting in a ring round the three gnomes.

"Do let us have some to play with."

"Here's one for you, Briony, and one for you, Melilot," said Dell, giving out the little carved pipes.

The babies dipped their pipes into the frothy soap and blew hard. They blew the most glorious bubbles, blue and mauve, green and orange. Off they floated away in the air, and the South Wind had a great game chasing them.

One day when Ding, Dong, and Dell sat making their pipes, Hoo, the big grey owl, flew silently to them.

"Good afternoon," said the little gnomes politely.

"Good afternoon," answered Hoo. "What are you making?"

"We are making pipes for the baby fairies to blow bubbles with," said Ding, giving Hoo one to look at.

"How do you blow bubbles?" asked the grey owl.

"Like this!" said Dell, dipping a carved pipe into the water and blowing an immense bubble into Hoo's face. It touched his sharp beak, and burst!

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Hoo, very startled. "Wherever has it gone to?"

Ding, Dong, and Dell laughed till they couldn't laugh any more!

But Hoo didn't like being laughed at.

"Your pipes are silly pipes," he said. "They only blow things that burst themselves away. Now I could tell you of some wonderful pipes I've seen in the world of boys and girls."

"Tell us!" begged all the little gnomes.

"These pipes," went on Hoo, "are filled with dried leaves of some queer plant, and when they are touched with fire, blue smoke comes from the bowl of the pipes, and a curious smell."

"Pipes that smoke!" cried the three gnomes; "how wonderful! Ours can only blow bubbles."

"Tu-whit, tu-whit!" called Hoo, flying off into the trees. "Why don't you make *your* pipes smoke? That would be funnier than bursting bubbles on my nose."

"*Shall* we make ours smoke?" asked Ding, thinking it would be a great idea.

"Do you think we ought to?" said Dong. "The Fairy Queen said they were only to be used for fairy bubbles, you know."

"Oh, *do* let's!" cried Dell. "Perhaps the Queen didn't know about making pipes smoke."

"She knows everything," said Dong. "Hadn't we better ask her first before we do?"

"Oh no!" said Ding; "because then she might say no. Let's ask her afterwards."

That was what the naughty little gnomes decided to do.

"We can't get the dried leaves that are smoked in the land of boys and girls," said Dell, "so we'll dry some rose leaves instead, and smoke those."

So all the next day Ding, Dong, and Dell collected wild rose leaves and dried them in the sun. The baby fairies were tremen-

dously excited about it all, and were longing to see what was going to happen.

"Hurry up!" they cried; "we want to see the smoke coming from our bubble pipes!"

That evening, when all the rose leaves were ready, the three gnomes filled three little pipes and put them in their mouths.

"Now, we must have fire," said they; "let us call the fireflies and ask them to help us."

The fireflies came dancing up, and darted in and out of the pipes. As their little gleaming bodies touched the dried rose leaves, they set them alight, and there were the three gnomes smoking pipes just as Daddies do in the world of boys and girls!

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the fairies, clapping their hands. "Give us some pipes, and let us do the same, Dell! What a lovely smell!"

"No, *you* mustn't," answered Dell. "The Queen wouldn't like it."

"We shall, so there!" cried the naughty babies, snatching up some pipes. They quickly filled them with rose leaves, called the fireflies, and soon they were all smoking too!

The air grew thick with rose-leaf smoke, and the South Wind blew it away. It passed where the Fairy Queen was sitting looking at the new moon, and she was most astonished.

"Whatever is that!" she cried, and got up quickly. "Who can be burning rose leaves in Fairyland!"

The South Wind told her who it was, and she hurried away to the home of Ding, Dong, and Dell.

"You naughty children!" she cried, as she saw the fairies with their pipes filled with rose leaves. "Put down your pipes at once!"

The fairies put them down, feeling rather frightened.

"Do you know what happens when people smoke when they are little?" asked the Queen sternly.

"No, your Majesty," answered the babies.

"Well, they feel *dreadfully* ill," said the Queen; "and that's just what *you'll* do. Go home to bed, all of you, and when you begin feeling ill, just remember it's a punishment to you for doing something you knew you shouldn't."

All the babies flew off, looking very miserable.

"As for you," went on the Queen, turning to Ding, Dong, and Dell, "you are too old to feel ill because you smoked. But I cannot trust you any more to make pipes for my baby fairies. You must use them for something else."

"But we *can't*, your Majesty," said Ding, beginning to cry. "They're just pipes for blowing bubbles!"

"Oh yes, you can," answered the Queen. "Go to the oak trees, and put all the acorns you can see in the bowl of your pipes. The handle of the pipe will do for a stalk to hold it to the tree. Those acorns are always tumbling off before they are ripe."

"Yes, your Majesty," said the little gnomes.

"Now put them in properly," said the Queen, "and mind you find acorns to fit. I'll forgive you when I see you are really working well."

The gnomes flew off to the oak trees.

And next time *you* come to an oak tree, you can see how nicely Dong has carved all the acorn-cups, and how beautifully Ding and Dell have fitted shiny acorns into all their little fairy pipes!



Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **January 22** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for January

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Which would you rather be, clever or rich? Write an essay giving your reasons.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a horse and cart, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

The answer in each case is the name of a river in the British Isles. When you have found the answers, give the name of one town on each river:—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. A kind of cloth. | 7. An ordinal number. |
| 2. To annoy. | 8. A Spanish grandee. |
| 3. A weapon. | 9. To prohibit. |
| 4. Used by railway porters. | 10. A bird. |
| 5. What we can't live without. | 11. To deserve. |
| 6. A letter of the alphabet. | 12. To thwart. |

For Children under Twelve only

VERSE COMPETITION

Write twelve lines of verse on "Birds in Winter."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a bowl of tulips, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

JUMBLED TOWNS

(This competition was sent in by one of our readers, John Baird, 26 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.)

The first twelve words represent towns in England and the second twelve towns in Scotland.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Hsmretnance | 9. Ihgbnimram |
| 2. Hsnptomuast | 10. Selde |
| 3. Heburtuonmo | 11. Nrltaceas |
| 4. Hblodgmuerids | 12. Lprioievo |
| 5. Rifdacf | 13. Osgawlg |
| 6. Hytpmlou | 14. Uiedbhrgn |
| 7. Dlnono | 15. Ddenue |
| 8. Iclreals | 16. Sverisenn |

17. Yar
18. Sdfiremu
19. Kbwercci
20. Genli

21. Ysatwoorn
22. Yplaeis
23. Ononud
24. Rkreiiumr

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her what you think about "Going to bed, and getting up in the morning."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a robin, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

From the letters of the word **CALENDAR** make as many new words as you can of more than three letters.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for November

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Fred Berry, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Amelia Calvert, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—John Bentley, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Annie Bashford and Ruth Hosier, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Ronald Greenwood and Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorpe Council School; Antoinette Picard, Nancy, France; Eric Wright, Coleraine; Maudie E. Bix and Hilda Stow, The Southfield School, S.W.18.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Douglas Bywater, St. George's Road School, Wallasey. Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—William Sydney Richards, St. James's School, Taunton; Charles Davies, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Fred Chapple and Sydney Holmes, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Frank Fairclough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Catherine C. Lang, Motherwell; John Perry, Greenock; John Alexander Gaw, Bangor; May Robinson, New Ferry.

TELEGRAM COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Marjorie Rosa Beauchamp, 16 Queen Margaret Grove, Islington, London, N.1.

[Car overturned; nothing serious. Tell auntie not to inform Nora or postpone luncheon. ERNEST.]

Ralph Wilcock, Mission House, Hurstwood, Burnley, Lancs.

[Charles Oliver notified sheep trucked at Newmills to Ilkley ninth October, probably land eleventh.]

Honourable Mention.—Victor Ballantine, Londonderry; George Bullick, Portadown; Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Hilda Stow, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Arthur Harvey, Port Sunlight; Louise Woolley, Fulham, S.W.6; Alexander Corry, Belfast; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Stewart Armitage, Cloughjordan; Ella Grant, Edinburgh; Winifred Mattocks, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gilling-

ham; Richard J. Mackenzie, John o' Groats; Annie Boardman, National School, Adlington; Grace Townsend, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Maureen Morrison, 9 Albert Terrace, Coleraine. John Lambie, 49 Borgie Crescent, Cambuslang. Gladys Roper, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18.

Honourable Mention.—May Fraser, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Beatrice Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; James Bloor, Hesketh Bank; Nora Colwell, Southwick, Fareham; P. Gick, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Emmie Campbell Stewart, Edinburgh; Rene Pute, Prestwich Park, Manchester; John Stevenson, Killyleigh, Co. Down; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; James Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Lilian Ormerod, Worsthorne Council School; Clarissa Tinmuth, Cleethorpes.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Kathleen Stephen, 35 Ilford Lane, Ilford. Edward Whittaker, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Jack Kimber, St. James's School, Taunton; Zoë Stericker, Mayles, Cobham; Clarissa Tinmuth, Cleethorpes; Richard Gee Clough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; L. N. Arnaud, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Hilda Chard, St. James's School, Taunton; Elfreda Elford, Horbury Junction, Wakefield; Andrew Grindlay, Belfast; Winifred Carmichael, Edinburgh.

DIAMOND PUZZLE (Solution)

A
E M U
L E E D S
P O S T E R N
A M E T H Y S T S
L A N Y A R D (or Halyard)
M U S I C
A T E
S

Prize-Winners.—Mary Eileen Walker, Croft House, Downham, Norfolk. Kenneth Le Gras, 77 Hazeldene Road, Goodmayes.

Honourable Mention.—William A. Cross, Brookfield, Banbridge, Co. Down; Winnie Calder, Trinity, Edinburgh; Ruxie Denholm, Dunlop, Ayrshire; Kathleen Richardson, Southfields, S.W.18.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize - Winners.—Margaret Sams, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18. Lindsay Bowman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Hilda Riddles, Christ Church School, Worthing. Agnes Wood, Duncansby Head Lighthouse, John o' Groats, Wick.

Honourable Mention.—Edward A. Lipsham, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Marjorie Whitehead and Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal; Margaret Maclachlan, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Peggy Lander, Blanchville School, Rubery; Jim Roberts, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Doris Fraser, Fulham, S.W.6; Kathleen Goodison, Crookes, Sheffield; Albert Voas, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Georgina A. Logue, Armagh; Susie Fleming, Strabane.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Evelyn Reed, 2 Tournay Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Margaret Maclachlan, Stoney-

bridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Peggy Lander, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—John Knight, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Donald Elliot, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Muriel Griffin, Fulham, S.W.6; Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Prize Essays

BEING CHEERFUL

I WOKE one fine spring morning to find everything very cheerful. The sun was sending its golden rays through my window and seemed to say, "Be cheerful." The birds twittered gaily, the cock crowed, and the breeze whistled; all seemed to say, "Be cheerful, be cheerful." Dressing quickly and feeling cheerful myself, I went into the garden. The flowers glistened with silver dewdrops and filled the air with a rich perfume. As I passed they seemed to shake their heads and say, "Be cheerful." After breakfast I started on my way to school. Everything about me whispered, "Cheerful, cheerful." Soon the church bell rang. Its chimes seemed to ring out a tune of cheerfulness. I reached school, and it seemed as if nothing could lower my spirits that day. Reaching home in the evening I went to bed with a cheerful heart. My candle glowed with cheerfulness. Jumping into bed, I cuddled down among the white sheets and fell asleep to dream of cheerfulness.

ANNE CLAY (age 13 years),
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

THE LAST MATCH

ONE wintry night an Irishman and his wife were returning from market. Their names were Pat and Biddy. Pat had purchased a pig which proved to be very troublesome. Aye and anon it would try to free itself from the rope which secured it.

The wind was blowing very hard, and Pat had great difficulty in lighting his pipe. Match after match he struck, it flickered, and then went out. "Och, Biddy," said Pat in desperation, "this be me last match; if it goes out I'll hae nae smoke the neet." "Strike it in yer hat," said Biddy, "an' I'll houl' me shawl roun' the hat." "All right," said Pat, and proceeded to take off his hat. "Oh, Biddy, d'ye think it'll stay in?" asked Pat. As he made to strike the match, the pig gave a tug at the rope and almost knocked Pat off his feet. Undaunted though, he made another attempt, and succeeded!

MAUREEN MORRISON (age 10 years),
9 Albert Terrace, Coleraine, Ireland.

+ + +

A LADY and her two daughters attended a great reception which was crowded with notabilities. On arriving at the door of the reception room she gave her name to the footman as "Mrs. Foot and my daughters." To her horror and to the amusement of all present, the footman in a stentorian voice announced the party as "Mrs. Foot and the Miss Feet."

+ + +

BOBBIE was in church for the first time.

As the surpliced choir entered, he whispered: "Are they all going to have their hair cut?"



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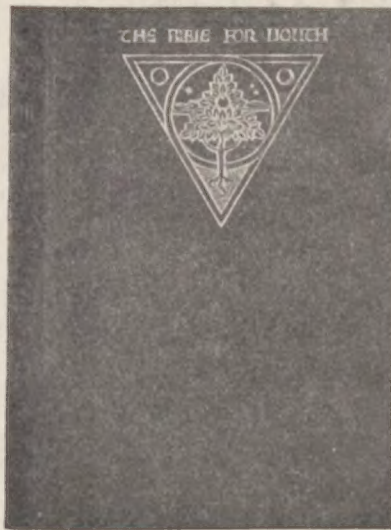
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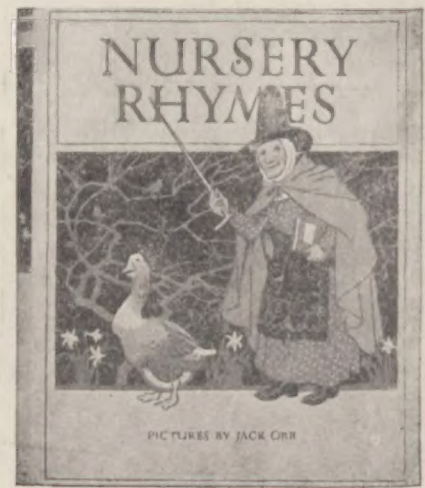
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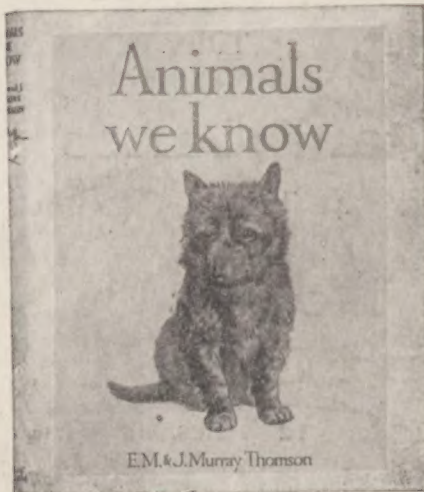
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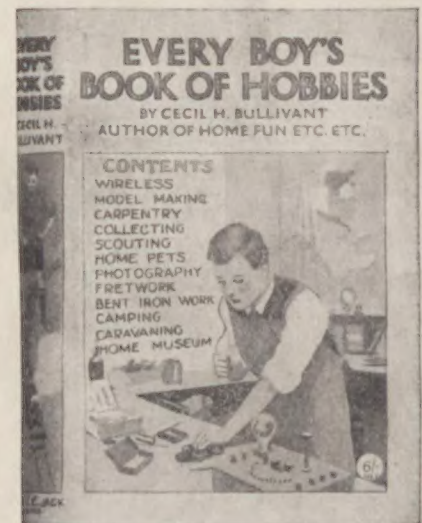
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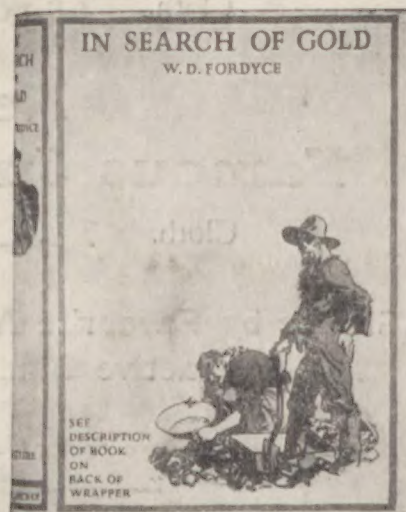
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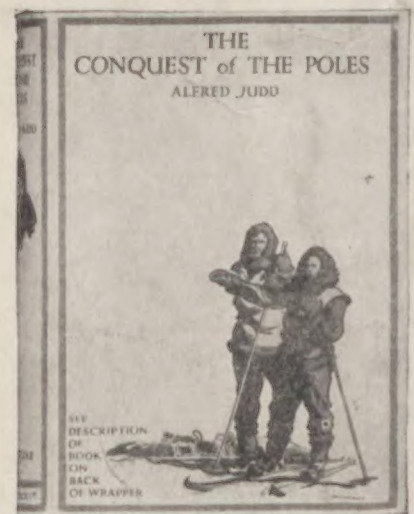
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